
Title: Hell hath no fury.. Part 4

Author: Shahrressa

shakti plopped a wide
brimmed scarlet hat
atop her head, just as
another door opened
onto the room. Two
orcs stepped through,
their palid skin going
ghostly white as they
saw empty chair
before them. Shakti
whirled at once to face
them, a wide grin on
her face. Moon was
glad her vengeance
wasn't meant for him.

While gathering his
things, Wolf looked at
his dead horse and
sighed, "That was a
good one." Back up the
stairs, they hadn't
gone more than a few
steps when they found
the body of Warlord.
He lay in the middle
of large scorched
circle of roasted
vermin. A massive
explosion was to be
his final strike, yet
the warrior still
breathed. The three
quickly revived him
and after Shah gave
him some water to
sooth his parched
throat, "Lylith," he
croaked out. "She's
down the east
passage."
They ran down the
east passage as
quickly as they could.
Combining their
magics, Civ and
Warlord soon had
Lyleth breathing

again. As Warlord
picked Lylith up and
craddled her to his
chest, Wolf asked,
"Take her back to the
guildhouse, please?"
Warlord nodded, and
with a twist of his
wrist they disappeared
in a puff of smoke.
And just in time, too.
From behind where
Warlord was standing
came another horde of
scorpions.
Wolf, Civ, and Shah
ran back down the
passage and this time
turned north at the
crossroads. A flash
of red caught their
eye- something or
someone was running
down the hall ahead of
them.
From a doorway to
their right,
Moonknight ran out
into them. "I freed
her, she's after
them!" He cried. "Get
out of here, there are
more coming!" And he
ran up the hallway
after her.
Wolf yelled to him,
"Where are the
others?"
"Streath and Morph
are already back at the
guildhall," Moon
shouted over his
shoulder. "Gate out!"
A flash of blue
lightning appeared
beside them. Warlord
stepped forth the gate
and yelled, "Quick, it's
to the guildhouse!"
Noticing a pack of
howling orcs coming
up the passage, he
waited until Wolf, Civ
and Shah were safely
through then dispelled
the gate, lest the orcs
try to follow. But they
ran past him down the

hall with gristled
cries of, "Get'er! Get da
red lady fur
Grishnak!" Knowing
they were after
Shakti, he urged his
horse after them
down the north
passage. Just ahead of
them he could see a
red hat bobbing up and
down, and without
pause set the orcs
afire. Galloping
through the flames,
he reached down as he
passing, and scooped
Shakti up onto the
horse behind him.
"Fancy meeting you
here, sister." he said
to her over his
shoulder. She glanced
back behind her and
saw a pack of howling
orcs shaking their
fists at them in
frustration, just
before the two of
them disappeared in a
puff of blue smoke.
Moonkinght, seeing
them go wheeled down
a sid passage. In the
dim light he saw
glowing eyes ahead
and heard a hiss. Not
wanting to find out
what lay beyond his
sight, "Kal Ort Por,"
he whispered and was
gone.

Shakti relaxed in a hot
tub back at the
guildhouse. Her
tawny hair coiled atop
her head she leaned
back. The stone
behind her neck cool
and refreshing. A
cold drink in hand,
she was relishing the
attention her friends
were giving her.
"Tell us again what
you did to Grishnak,
Shakti." Shahrressa

giggled as she
continued to file
Shakti's nails back to
there proper shape.
Lylith was relaxing
with them and her
ears perked up.
"Oh do tell, I haven't
heard that tale yet!"
The raven haired
waress was curious to
know what had
happened.
Shakti's mouth
quirked with humor.
"Ah well, "She
chuckled. "Those fools
gave me a heavy knock
on the head, or they'd
have never gotten me
that deep in the
dungeon. I came to just
as they were bringing
me before Grishnak."
She took a sip of her
drink, enjoying every
drop. "So he says
something really
intelligent, something
like, ""Now yu
womahn, yu gunna be
Grishnak's womahn
and make many
babiez." Shakti stuck
her jaw out and used a
deep gravely voice to
make fun of the head
orc.
Shahrressa was
beside herself with
laughter at shakti
making fun of the orc.
Shakti continued, " I
said to him, 'Oh
Grishnak.. Never in
all my days have I
seen a sexier male!
Come here and let me
give you a big'ol kiss!"
she explodded into
peels of giggles.
Lylith was shocked,
"You didn't!?" she
grinned,
while Shahrressa
giggled with Shakti.
"I did." Shakti sipped
more of her drink.

"And he says, ""Now dat mur like it"" and makes like he's going to kiss me. So..... I grabbed hold of his crotch, and told him those three little words that men just love to here." She paused dramatically, her smile turning into a chuckle.

"I love you?" Lylith ventured a guess.

"No," Shakti said mischeiviously. "Vas Ort Flam!"

It took Lylith a moment to realize that Shakti had said the spell for an instant explosion of fire. She started at Shakti a moment, then the three women burst out laughing.

"I wish I could have seen Grish hopping around with his pants on fire." Shahrressa said while wiping a tear from her eye.

Shakti smiled thoughtfully, "I think he liked it." She continued, "So they hit me again. Oh, how I tired of those knocks, Ugh... when I finally shook the fuzziness out of my head. Moon was behind me cutting my bonds. And the rest, my good sisters," she concluded, raising her glass high, "is history."

The Three Friends all raised their glasses high and clinked them together, then said as one, "To the Urban Knights!" and they drank deeply.

The original story was told to me by shahrressa, and I was

so taken by the tale
that as soon as I was
able, after hearing it
put pen to paper to
record it for posterity.
Any portion of this
tale that may have
been altered or left out
is due solely I'm
certain, to my poor
memory, and has
nothing to do with the
original teller,
Shahrressa. That
said, I hope you've
enjoyed reading these
books as much as I've
enjoyed writing them.

Wren Hapswill
-2/01